

The WAR CRY.

Holy Living.



OW shall we that are dead to sin live any longer than'er? We are buried with Christ in baptism into death; that like a Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father. And so we also should walk in novices of life.

Reckon ya also yourselves to be dead indeed into sin; but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Let not your therefore reign in your mortal bodies; for you should obey it in the fruits thereof.

Brother, are you dead? Sister, has

self been laid on the altar, and been consumed by the Fire of the Holy Spirit? "Brethren, this is the way of God; we are to be born again." Then let God's will be your will.

Let us be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom we are also light and the world.

The eyes of the world are upon us.

Oh, let us take heed how we walk.

Let the Spirit of God lead us, and we follow just where He leads.

Thought persecutions and trials may meet us on every hand, let us not be afraid to promise that "We will never leave us.

Let us, then, keep self on the altar, and

moment by moment live only for God

and the Salvation of precious souls.

Oh, I sometimes feel God would

permit me to catch a glimpse of the terrible anguish and suffering in hell, we should then have some idea of what is meant by a lost soul. Often

we speak of a dying world, but, oh, may God's will be done.

To be successful in the work of winning souls for Christ, and stars for our crown, there must be an inter-

abandoning of everything pertaining to self, and an entire surrender of our time, money, health, and even earthly friendships and standing in society.

Does your business prosper in these

times of competition? Are you able to

get great gains? Are you able to

call out the least amount? If not, then

I fear there is something wrong. Oh,

be honest. If you profess to belong to

God, then let the world both know it

and feel it. If you make an empty

profession, but do not mean it, then

you are only a whitel squalid,

then are you a living libel on Christi-

anity, and a stumbling block and rock

of offence to the world. If it is

a whitel need? Do you know

what it is to be sprinkled with clean

water and made a vessel for the

Master's use? Do you daily rejoice in

knowing that you have been born

again? Do you daily live a

full and perfect Salvation, not only

from sin, but from sinfulness? Brethren,

this is your privilege. This is what

the Lord Jesus Christ shed His precious

blood on the cross for. Oh, then let

us each of us, as the world would have

us be, do what He would have us do;

then shall we indeed be Soldiers of

whom our Great Captain will not be

ashamed, but will be of the travail of

His soul and be satisfied.

WAR NOTES

The Commissioner has left for a tour of inspection through the Manitoba and North-West Territories. Things are looking very favorable in the case of Manitoba and Nipawin, and these have been opened with success, and these are a number of other places only waiting for officers and means, everybody remembers that next Extension Sunday.

DAVEY'S QUERY.

"WASH COMES AFTER."

"Drink is taking you to hell!"

A shaggy headed, a grizzled face, out of which looked a pair of eyes that might have been manly and determined, but that they were yellow, bloodshot, and dim, and drooping drooping down. "Wash you know about heaven? Which you know about hell? Didn't Jesus Christ die on the Cross, and don't I believe it? Well, then, ain't I all right?"

If it had not been for the soul under that shamed face, he would have stammered what he should have known anyway, as he was sitting on his chair, swathed pale, and looking straight into the rapturous eyes, "The drink is taking you to hell!"

Again he put forth a number of drunken arguments.

I talked to him about the realities of eternity, but fearing that he would be afraid to die, I said, "The last thing God's will be your will. Let us be

blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, among whom we are also light and the world."

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"It's all true what you said. It's been on my mind ever

since, and I've come to tell you I'm going to do it.

"The Almighty won't have no connection with me."

"I've got to do it, and I've got to do it."

"Under the night sky? Down in the dark?"

"With God, I signed upon His knees."

"I can't say for three months I'll be a life, there, so help me God I will."

"This is the contract that Davy signed."

"A sealed note was done that night, and no sealed

"Davy signed."

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"It's all true



Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY.
Special Note to our Song Writers.

We have on the home two hundred original songs, and we are now publishing them. We hope the price to be 10c each. We will sell all at cost so that you may be sure we will again appeal to our friends for their aid.

1 Fighting.

BY CAPT. HOWELL.

Tune.—"Over Jordan."

HAVE taken up the sword;
And I'm fighting for the Lord;
And I'm trusting in His word.
Hallelujah!

I will fight with all my might;
Since my heart is for the right;
Yes, the Lord and I have my life.
Hallelujah!

Chorus.
Hallelujah! hallelujah! I have taken
up the sword;
And I'm fighting for the Lord;
I am trusting in His word.
Hallelujah!

I am bound to win the day,
While I fight and watch and pray;
Jesus, Jesus all the way.
Hallelujah!

I will keep my sword in hand,
And for God I'll take my stand;
Till I reach the promised land.
Hallelujah!

When the fighting here is o'er,
And I reach the golden shore,
Glory, glory, a-men.
Hallelujah!

Ever true I mean to be,
Till I shall my Saviour see,
And His new gifts receive.
Hallelujah!

2 A Warning Voice.

BY CAPT. CONYARD, BALTIMORE.

Tune.—"Never can tell when the death-
bells a tolling."

CARELESS, Godless, hardened
sinner.
They art running down to hell;
All thy sin will fill the sorrow,
More than human tongue can tell.

Chorus.
Tune to God and He will save thee,
Turn from sin and see to Him;
Who in mercy will receive thee,
And will free thee from all sin.

They art drifting to destruction,
For a sinner will take them down;
Soon in hell thou will be walling;
Will there be no more there.

Stop and shink, for just a moment,
Till the sinner will suddenly be;
Time and talents and life wasted,
And the worst yet still to see.

Rushing on in desperate madness,
Caring not for soul or man,
God's bleeding Christ rejecting,
God's voice on earth is dead.

Then will death, with all its terror,
Grip thy head and cause thy pain;
He will hurry, hurry, harken;
Then when thou'll remain.

3 Vexed I was, but happy
now.

BY E. C. WOODRUFF.

Tune.—"Balled away."

WORRY fifty years of misery,
I've had, but now I'm happy,
And the world faithfully,
And never cared to pray.

Now God has pardoned all my sins,
I'm bound for nulla dies;
I'll sing and praise His Holy Name,
The mist is rolled away.

Chorus.
Rolled away, rolled away,
Right away, right away;
On the dawning of the morning,
Our bright and happy day.
We shall be free, the better
When the mist is rolled away.

I am happy now where I go,
For Jesus is my guide;
I can't say what I could may,
He's always by my side;
I mean to fight for Jesus now;
I'm bound for endless day.
All glory to my God, I see
The mist is rolled away.

All glory to Jesus,
Whose promises are true;
He has setled us on Calvary,
And shed His blood for us;
Let others go where'er we go,
And lead them to the Fountain,
Where the mist is rolled away.

Dear brothers, let us march and play,
And pull the glory down;
And, with the love and strength of God,
We'll capture every town;
Our sister Guy will help us
To march, sing and play;
We'll know each other better
When the mist is rolled away.

4 From Sin to Zion.

BY SIR S. W. FRASER, MONTREAL.

Tune.—"Down in a cool mist."

AM a Salvation Army lad,
I am happy, for you see
The devil I have jumping mad.
He has lost control of me.
My Saviour's love now I know,
Where He leads me I must go.
I'll keep trusting in Thee.

Chorus.
Down in the bantams of sin,
Where misery abounds,
I'll seek poor sinners, bring them in,
To share the joys I'm bound.

Life is a misery,
From the mire ground,
I'll bring them to the Cross,
Where I'm your pastor now.

Chorus.
I like Daniel in the lion's den,
Jesus' persecution did endure.
Tell them at what frightful cost,
Was bought eternal life;
We were in former lost,
But for the blood of Christ.

But now the ransom has been paid,
Your Saviour here you come;
He has opened arms wide,
And the wretched ones come home.
Let go all else and follow,
Your earthly race will soon be run;

Dread sterility is coming,
Its years will never be done.

Chorus.

Upon the hill of Zion,
Where music sweetly sounds,
You'll see your loving Jesus,
And wear the victor's crown.

There'll be no more sorrows—
You'll live from the ground,
Who here their cross with patience,
And now they wear the crown.

5 Heaven.

BY HANKEY HUMES, OGDEN CITY.

Tune.—"Bleath Land."

WHY Heavenly hours is bright and fair,
I'm not far off, but O! 'tis near;
I almost hear the chanting now.

It is the chanting of the choir,
Of the redeemed, who've mounted
Higher than I; 'tis Heaven above,
Where there are some of those I love.

Chorus.
I am the chanting of the choir,
The gallant soldiers lift
They praise the Saviour I adore;

Oh! 'tis a glorious jubilee,
They sing of Him, that made them
free,

When down below upon this earth,
Of Him, who gave them the new
birth.

They also sing of the glorious time,
When holiness was all their theme;

When cleansed and purged from every sin.

And Jesus always reigns within.

HOLINESS SONGS.

6 Trusting in Thee.

BY JOHN W. ROBERTSON, A. M., SPRING HILL.

Tune.—"At the Cross, at the Cross."

Then—The darkness of Egypt,
O! 'tis a darkness of my way.

And no break in the clouds I can see.

Then with the truth of a sanctified child,
I'll keep trusting my Saviour in Thee.

Chorus.

Trusting in Thee, Yes I'm trusting in
Thee.

Hallelujah! I'm trusting in Thee,
If others were turn, in all they will
mourn.

But my Lord You can count upon me.

When the clanging of chains and the
devil's loud roar,
Brought a dreary year around me;
When the sound of Jordan flow over
my soul.

Then I'll simply keep trusting in Thee.

Chorus.

When the seven angels pour out their
vials of wrath,

All over the land and the sea;

When the trumpet of God's blast shall
awaken the dead.

I'll be found fully trusting in Thee.

Chorus.

When upon the white throne on that
grand awful day,

My Saviour as judge I shall see;

Ye! stop boldy forth and stand;

Hallelujah! I'm trusting in Thee.

Chorus.

Then throughout all ages in heaven's
blissed clime,

My never failing song it will be,

That on earth I kept trusting in Thee.

Chorus.

7 Seeking Holiness.

BY CAPT. J. GALLAGHER.

Tune.—"I'm glad there is cleansing."

Hallelujah! God I come to Thee,
All burdened with heaviest sin.

I've tried in vain myself to free,
I'm tired of these ties within.

Cm.—Oh! Lord is there cleansing, &c.

Chorus.

If I my every sin confess;

That thou according to Thy word,
Would cleanse from all unrighteousness.

Chorus.—I believe there is cleansing, &c.

Chorus.

8 Seeking the Saviour.

BY CAPT. J. GALLAGHER.

Tune.—"Bleath Land."

WHY Heavenly hours is bright and fair,
I'm not far off, but O! 'tis near;

I almost hear the chanting now.

Chorus.

I will my Lord, lay all aside,
To taste this joy of perfect rest;

I leave the friendship of the world,

To walk with Thee in holiness.

Cm.—For me there is cleansing, &c.

Chorus.

Then doth the gallant soldiers lift

They praise the Saviour I adore;

Oh! 'tis a glorious jubilee,

They sing of Him, that made them

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When down below upon this earth,

Of Him, who gave them the new

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Chorus.

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Don't hurt the Drum.
CONTRIBUTOR'S LIST.



Editor.

